**What’s the Reason?**

Ever say in your own lis’ning ear

What’s the reason that I exist?

Was it a plan that brought me here?

What’s my life -- I must know its gist!

If there’s a plan, I’d like to know

So I can walk the charted road:

Know how to hear the distant call

And carry all my destined load.

The will of God, some doubters say,

Is mysterious and seldom seen.

So man must tread a darksome way--

And a proper harvest never glean.

If my destiny is like a path to trod

And I cannot see along the way,

The answer lies in my letting God

Mold me, as a potter would his clay.

If we follow the rules His word reveals,

He’ll make of us a useful tool,

**He** knows the shape, but He conceals

This sculpture made in hardship’s school.

So He will mold us to the destined task,

And **then** we’ll build the great or small.

But first we must seek the Lord and ask--

To be His clay -- not His know-it-all.